1:Du Bois E-5 (1938-1939) 1944
OF5 Alor OF5



*November 17, 1938*

X159 Last night I dreamed I saw a trail coming down the mountainside. It circled back and forth. A cement ditch for water was alongside the trail. Then the cement ditch turned into a bamboo water pipe. I saw an eel as big as my leg enter the water pipe. I thrust my hand in where the pipe was open, and with my other hand I cut the eel ten times and pulled it out. It was as thick as my calf and half an arm-span long. Just [787] now I told my dream to old people and asked what it meant. They said it meant I would get a valuable moko.

[He blocked on any further explanation. I tried to explain cultural dream interpretation versus free association dreams.]

When my father was sick but not yet dead, I dreamed I saw a big snake flying overhead. It had a beard of tree moss. When it got over my head it dropped the beard, and five fish fell at my feet. There was a pool of water there suddenly. I searched about in the pool for the fish and pulled out a great many crayfish. [787] The old people said that meant I would get a great deal of wealth. Then when my father died people came from all over with gongs and mokos and pigs. [He then gave an animated account of all the pigs that were killed for his father's death feast. He was obviously impressed himself and wanted to impress me.]

[I asked how old he was and how he felt when his father died.] It was only about three and a half years ago. I still didn't have real thoughts then [yet he must have been over twenty]. I didn't know about feasts. I didn't know how to pay the gravediggers. I brought out [767] the mokos and gongs, but my elder relatives divided them up. [Was your father sick a long time?] No, just about two years. It began in Hatoberka. When he felt a little better he came back here. Then he had a boil high on his thigh, but that healed. Then he had ordinary sickness, headaches, but no fever. He coughed but no blood came. Once when there was a war my father was shot in the breast, and the arrow point broke off and stayed there. The arrow point moved around, and when it moved, my father had pains in his chest. He died of that. One night father died and we beat gongs for him, but in the morning he came back to life and said, "I am not dead. Just beat the gongs for my elder brother [who was dead]." Then my father died again and came back to life. Four times it happened. All the people thought we should send for Rilpada [the seer] and ask his familiar to take away my father's soul. My father sat up and chewed areca. He asked the seer for tobacco. When he smoked he said, "All my children are gathered about me. If the smoke I blow out sails out of my mouth straight ahead, I shall live.

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OF5 Alor OF5



159 living there, I said we had better give Mailani a bride-price. Likma gave him an eight-handled Makassar moko, with which Mailani bought an Afuipe.

761 At that time Padalani, my oldest brother, died. An evil spirit entered his stomach, which swelled and killed him. At that time I was pregnant with Fuimai. Mailani went to hunt pigs and chickens for the buriers because they had to stay in a field as though Padalani had died of leprosy. They had to bring two pigs and chickens for the Hevelaberka and the same for the Hevelakang feast. When the buriers returned they 767 were paid their "cold pig" [*palata fe*] as extra payment for having had 465 to sleep in the cold field house. We wanted to beat gongs, but the people were afraid and so we didn't. Then I gave birth to Fuimai. Mailani hunted rats for me and played with Fuimai, saying, "Oh, this is my corn with a big voice."

About four months later Mailani died, and Likma hunted pigs for his Hevelaberka and Hevelakang feasts. So we decided to make one feast for all our dead—father and my three siblings. We gave a Rolik feast. We paid on one day a Piki moko for both Mailani's and Padalani's shrouds. On father's we paid a Kabali moko. For Lonberka we paid a Kabali moko too. Likma cried, because he had stayed so long with them that they were like his own mother and father. I cried a great deal too. After that feast I was pregnant with Kolaka and gave birth to her. I said to Likma, "Now we must plant a large field [*pining*] and give a feast for your dead." We pounded twelve baskets of rice. We asked the chief of Rualkameng for a pig. In return we gave two rupiahs in money as a preliminary bride-price. We said we had better get another pig. Riemau and Lanmau gave us another pig as a dowry on me. We gave Lanmau a pig as bride-price, and he gave us a big one in return as dowry. We gave the tumukun two and a half rupiahs in money as bride-price, and he gave us a Tamamia moko as dowry. The chief of Rualkameng brought rice and promised to bring the pig. So I pounded the rice and made sixty calabash dishes full of rice baskets; twenty of these I myself gave—among them three plates of kamo rice baskets, three of pe rice baskets and three of maru rice baskets. Included in the sixty were two of tubers and twenty-five of raw rice and corn. [The *maru* rice baskets are the usual kind; the *pe* and *kamo* are more ostentatious because they hold more.] Then on the second day the chief of Rualkameng came with the pig.

[Where did Likma get his money?] At that time there was much money. Two ears of corn sold for one cent in Kalabahi. Likma sold